Boston, Dec. 19, 1846.

My Beloved Friend:

48 The receipt of your kind letter, welcoming me home again from my foreign mission, was next to the pleasure of taking you by the hand. You see what liberty I ventured to take with a portion of it, in the Liberator, which I thought would be gratifying to many of our friends on both sides of the Atlantic. I hope I committed no breach of confidence.

The first intelligence I have to communicate is, that, on the 10th instant, I completed my 41st year — (shades of the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob! I am getting to be venerable) — and on the next morning, (as a pleasing coincidence, it ought to have been, i.e. might have been, on the same day,) Helen presented me with a darling babe — (the sixth! patriarchal again!) — as fine a one as was ever yet born into this breathing world — yours excepted, of course, "as a matter of politeness" before folks — a daughter, too, but not, like Byron's Ada, "sole daughter of my house and heart," for two good reasons: — the first is, I have one other daughter — and the second is, though Byron owned a house, I don't, but am a tenant at will. We have given the name of Elizabeth Pease to the new comer, and shall be entirely satisfied if she prove to be as good as her namesake. Helen is very comfortable, except when she attempts to nurse the babe, being somewhat troubled with her breasts. I am always glad to hear of any new accession to the Garrisonian ranks, though there are many in the land who will take no pleasure in the news.

I felt very glad, as did Helen, that Susan was enabled to remain under our roof, and to cheer dear Wife with the pleasure of her company, during a considerable portion of my absence abroad. We shall always feel under special obligations to her. She has not yet returned to Scituate, but thinks of doing so in a few days. During the past week, she has been visiting at Dr. Moriarty's, at the North end.

The very day on which I returned home, anticipating my arrival an hour or two, sister Sarah came from New-York and Providence, and conveyed to us the good news that Dr. Doolittle had succeeded in curing the cancerous tumor on her breast, though it was not entirely healed up. Within a few days, it has given her considerable pain, and it is possible she may have to go to New-York again, to consult the Dr. She has exhibited, through all her sufferings, great patience and fortitude, as well as all the other graces which adorn her excellent character. Deeply have we sympathized with her; but, though we are not wholly divested of anxiety on her account, we trust she is out of danger.

All my children are at home, and at present enjoy good health, excepting little Fanny, who is somewhat weak and feeble in constitution. I find such a family to be a considerable drawback on my public usefulness, especially in regard to lecturing and travelling in furtherance of the anti-slavery cause; and it is also a heavy burden on Helen, who has no additional help to that of Ellen. We must do as well as we can, under the circumstances. I would not have the number of our children less; but it is difficult to look after so many, and at the same to discharge the duties of my position as a "leading" abolitionist.

I long to see you, face to face, to talk about the incidents attending my British mission. Now that it is over, it seems to me very much like a pleasant vision of the night — pleasant and dream-like, all except the passage to and from England, which was a reality, beyond all doubt. I shall never get reconciled to the ocean. Though I am fond of agitation, it does not run in that line. Command me to dry land, to keep an erect attitude and a bold front. I always get thrown, whenever I attempt to wrestle with the Atlantic: —

"Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm."

You will be pleased to hear, that among the foremost to give me their hearty approval, and to aid me in my mission, were Unitarian friends. I am under great obligations to Francis Bishop, William James, H. Solly, Philip Carpenter, George Harris, and other Unitarian clergymen, and have formed for them a strong personal friendship, which they appear heartily to reciprocate. By a letter just received from my dear friend Bishop, he informs me that, since I left, his wife has given birth to a daughter, whom they have named Caroline Garrison Bishop. This is an indication of their personal regard for me. James Martineau was absent from Liverpool when I was there, and I did not see him. I was told that he is considerably prejudiced against the true anti-slavery band in this country, and sympathizes with such men as Drs. Dewey and Parkman. I meant to have visited Harriet, at Ambleside, before my return; but she left for Egypt, a few days before I sailed, and I missed the coveted opportunity. I saw her mother and sister at Newcastle. Religiously, the Unitarians in England are regarded as little better than infidels; but I found them to be much better than their revilers and persecutors.

Nothing could have been more timely than my mission. No three months of my life were ever spent more profitably to the cause of religious and personal freedom. The blow that was given to the Evangelical Alliance, by our bold, prompt and scathing condemnation of it, was like a thunder-bolt from heaven. If I had not gone to England at that time, there is little doubt that the pro-slavery action of the Alliance would have been winked at by the religious public in Britain, and thus slavery would have secured in its defence the religious sanction of the evangelical portion of Christendom. You have seen, no doubt, the result of the proceedings of British Alliance at Manchester. Slaveholders are declared to be ineligible to a seat in that body. Very much is due to the indefatigable exertions of Henry C. Wright, Frederick Douglass, and George Thompson. I trust we shall have all three of them with us next summer.

Dear Helen and Sarah charge me to give you, and Mrs. May, and Charlotte, their warmest regards and lively remembrances. Their feelings are those of

Your affectionate friend, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Saml. J. May.

If I send you, by this mail, your pencil case, enclosed in a newspaper, hoping it will reach you safely. It was left by Br. Winship. I also send you, dear Helen's sketch of my life, in the Boston's Journal. The portrait is a bad one.

Wm. L. Garrison
Dec. 19 1846

PAID

Rev. Samuel J. May
Syracuse
N.Y.